

M Huncho, where you been?

Quincy tell 'em

And they wonder where I've been
Tryna rectify my sins, I got plenty of em'
I can get the shooters down here without saying none
Anytime they open cases get a case closed
Fly these birds by myself avoiding plane cloves
Don't tell me shit, I'm the baker I just make dough
Snub nose in the side of the Lamborghini doors (ooh, yeah)

They talkin' drills probably fire drills
I'm talking killers they get sentenced they don't get appeals (Free)
Anticipating my own journey, I'm still on the rise
Still hold the Glock from time to time just to get a feel
I don't want to shout to rapper 'cause they wet
I did em to put money on my head, I'll wait
No refunds or exchanges in this shit, okay
29 thousand for a brick, today
8 bags for the Cali this ain't mini shit
Worked hard for this money they didn't give me shit
Excuse me if I'm antisocial, I don't really rate you pricks
I just put a house on my wrist
Quarter-mill' to my mom, but she wants more time with her son
'Cause she see the badness in my eyes, ganja in my lungs
She's praying that God gives some guidance to her son
I'm still thuggin' with a mop, I'm lining the fucking donks
Sold Os on the block

Never been shy
Racks in my pocket don't do pocket knives
Wagyu with no tins, that's just how I live my life
Let them see the face with no mask so they can realise
I've been doing this from time, I don't really compromise
I made music, sold packs, had a debt all at the same time
Don't disrespect, this ain't the same grind
I got to work, I didn't sit around, I don't waste time
Turn the bando to a studio, now it's a gold mine

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